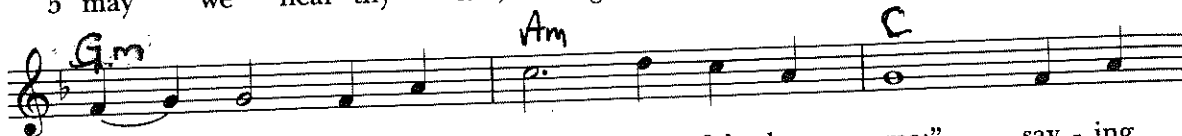




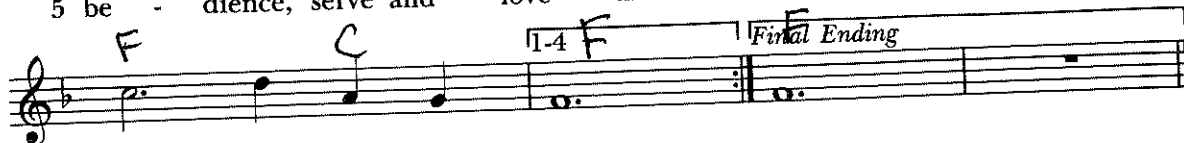
1 Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult of our
 2 as, of old, Saint An - drew heard it by the
 3 Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship of the
 4 In our joys and in our sor - rows, days of
 5 Je - sus calls us! By thy mer - cies, Sa - vior,



1 life's wild, rest - less sea, day by day his clear voice
 2 Gal - i - le - an lake, turned from home and toil and
 3 vain world's gold - en store; from each i - dol that would
 4 toil and hours of ease, still he calls, in cares and
 5 may we hear thy call, give our hearts to thine o -



1 sound - eth, say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low me;" say - ing
 2 kin - dred, leav - ing all for his dear sake. leav - ing
 3 keep us, say - ing, "Chris - tian, love me more." say - ing
 4 plea - sures, "Chris - tian, love me more than these." "Chris - tian,
 5 be - dience, serve and love thee best of all. serve and



1 "Chris - tian, fol - low me;"
 2 all for his dear sake.
 3 "Chris - tian, love me more."
 4 love me more than these."
 5 love thee best of (all.) all.

Words: Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895), alt.
 Music: St. Andrew, David Hurd (b. 1950)